

Seek And Reform by lumifuer

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Abuse, Angst, Explicit Sexual Content, F/M, Fucking The Pain Away, Oral Sex, Sex Talk, Sexual Content, Smoking, Sneaking into a bedroom at night, Teasing, Vaginal Sex, Violence, handjob

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Reader, Billy Hargrove/You

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Summary:

Billy shows up in your bedroom in the middle of the night in a desperate attempt to forget about his demons.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Remember that guy, Donald Pierce? The one whose head I'd love to see on a pike but at the same time would probably kiss if given the chance? Yeah? That's my relationship with this character as well. Also, I am weak.

I am well aware that he's an abusive asshole and we can't hope for a redemption arc anytime soon but this doesn't change the fact that a certain part of his background will never fail to soften my heart and make me interested in the character. It's tagged adequately so if you decide to read it and don't like it, it's on you. Enjoy!

A muffled knock woke you up. You opened your eyes and listened carefully, trying to decide whether it was real or simply a part of your dreams when another sound reached your ears.

Sleepily, you shoved the blankets aside and swung your legs out of the bed. You came up to the window and quietly opened it to let the guest in. Billy swiftly climbed inside, used to getting into your room this way. You lost count of all the times he'd visited you in the middle of the night, seemingly for no other reason than to see you. And possibly make out on your bed while staying.

That time felt different. He didn't welcome you with his cocky smile, instead, he turned his back to you as you were fiddling with the door lock to make sure no one will discover your visitor. You blinked a few times, trying to regain a full control over your sleep deprived mind and headed to the bedside table to turn the lights on but just as your hand was about to reach the switch, you felt Billy's tight grip on your arm. You let out a quiet gasp as he pulled you into his arms. Before you could protest, his lips were crushed against yours, hungry and eager to devour your soul as ever. But he pulled away too soon, as if afraid of something and forced to restrain. Instead, he was placing brief kisses on the column of your throat as he picked you up

from the floor and made his way to your bed.

Billy laid your head on the pillows and lowered himself over your stomach. When he gripped the hem of your shirt to lift it, you could feel how rough his knuckles were, just as if he recently cut them open. Despite his lips on the lower part of your stomach, you furrowed your brows, irritated by his behaviour. You were sure that he'd gotten into another fight, totally ignoring the conversation you had about it. He promised to not pick up any more fights.

Once again, you reached out to the light switch, hesitantly forcing yourself to quit the pleasure of his touch and question him but he stopped you.

"Please, don't," he whispered into your ear.

You didn't want him to go back to his usual asshole ways but it was hard to make your brain work properly when the only thing you seemed to notice was his heavy breathing and lust filled voice. You gave up and brushed his hair with your fingers instead, letting him know that he won.

You couldn't see anything except for his silhouette but you could swear that a smirk appeared on his lips. To your amusement, he stopped kissing the delicate part of your skin, lifting you from the mattress and pulling onto his knees. You wrapped your arms around his neck and tried to kiss him but he wouldn't allow you to deepen it.

You found yourself torn apart. You didn't want to go on, not knowing what was wrong but at the same time, something in your head was telling you that he desperately needed you right then. You pushed the uncertainties aside and your hand slowly trailed down his stomach, finding its way to unzip his pants. On most occasions, he was the one to initiate the fun, you weren't bold enough to do so but you gave him the benefit of the doubt and discovered a new supply of courage within you. You slipped your hand inside his boxers and felt his hard member pressing against your skin. You pulled it out, locking your fingers around its shaft and moved your hand up and down, gently at first, only to increase the pace after the first muffled exhale that had escaped his mouth. You could tell when he was on edge, throwing his head back in pleasure and involuntarily thrusting himself into your

hand. Then he stopped abruptly, moving the fabric of your shorts to the side and entering one finger inside of you. You cover your mouth with your free hand, trying to mute any sound that could possibly slip out.

Billy Hargrove might not have been the most gentle lover you knew, but he would always take his time with you, teasing and making it almost impossible for you not to scream his name in utter pleasure. It was yet another thing differing from your usual nights with him. He seemed to rush anything, not giving the both of you the proper time to think and linger in the moment for one second more than necessary.

He replaced his fingers with his cock. You whimpered, finally feeling him inside. Your arms were wrapped around him and his head was resting on your chest, listening to the sound of your pounding heart. His hot breath was caressing the skin on your arms. One thing didn't change though; Billy would always make sure that you finish first and this time was no exception. It wasn't until you silently cried out his name that he allowed himself to reach his own release. His moans were muffled by your hair. And you gave each other a brief moment to catch your breath. Then you pulled away. Sitting on your bed and adjusting your clothing. Billy, on the other hand, zipped his pants and got up without a single word. He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and took one out with his teeth. You watched him carefully, waiting for him to say anything but he wasn't ready yet. You were worried about him. He wasn't his usual self and you were desperately trying to come up with an explanation.

Knowing that you didn't like him smoking in the house, he came up to the window and opened it with an intention of going back on the roof. You followed his movement, trying to read his expression but his face was barely visible at all in the darkness of your bedroom.

You were just about to ask him to talk with you when a car drove past your home, illuminating his features and giving you a glimpse at the reason behind his behaviour. You gasped slightly, seeing that his eyebrow and lower lip were split and a huge bruise was forming on his eye socket making the left side of his face swollen and undoubtedly sore. He sighed with a mixture of defeat and relief and looked at you. Never before had you seen him this tired. Without a

second thought and the possibility of your kind neighbours telling on you, you went out of the window and joined him on the roof. The battle to keep his composure was lost the moment you whispered his name. He put out his cigarette and hid his face in hands.

You couldn't find the right words to use, knowing that it was his father who caused all of his pain. Billy mentioned him a few times, saying that his relationship with him wasn't the greatest but you'd never imagined it to be so bad.

Billy was in no state to be sharing his feelings, so you simply offered him a reassuring touch and company.

"Do you want to stay here tonight?" you said quietly.

"If you don't mind."

You shook your head with a slight smile. You spent another ten minutes on the roof in a complete silence before going back to bed. You fell asleep with your head on his chest creating a plan in your mind. You wouldn't leave him alone in all this.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

I'd love to hear what you guys think because I'm planning to turn it into a five-part miniseries. Enjoy!

Sunlight peeked through your window, scattering the lingering shadows of the night. You hesitantly opened one eye to check the time. There was something about those extra few minutes of staying in bed that'd never failed to fill you with unspeakable bliss. With a grin, you shoved your face back into the pillow, enjoying its soft fabric.

As you were trying to ease your mind into a quick nap, something in the corner of your memory was making it hard to fall asleep. You frowned when the pictures of the last one started to slowly flood your head, changing the peaceful morning into a migraine-inducing one.

You reached out behind your back to check if someone was still laying on the other side of your bed. The spot was empty and cold. Was it only a dream?

"Looking for someone?" you heard an amused voice and immediately got up, turning your face towards its source.

Billy was leaning on the window ledge, taking a drag on a cigarette. You couldn't even scold him for that since the half of his body was outside. The sunshine was enhancing his features and you would undoubtedly stare at his handsome profile for a moment if it wasn't for the red marks on his face.

"You should've cleaned those up," you pointed out as you stood right next to him. He blew the smoke out and looked at it for a second, then turned to you with a cocky smile.

"I see you have no troubles walking today, princess," he chuckled and the urge to push him out of the open window was truly hard to resist. Instead, you stole his cigarette and put it out into a flower pot that he'd turned into a makeshift ashtray.

"You overestimate yourself, Hargrove," you teased.

He looked more amused than anything and it was so easy to forget that the bruises and cuts on his face weren't just another trophies after from school. You couldn't help but wonder how long had he kept this a secret. Did anyone else know and if so, why hadn't they helped him? You didn't want to feel guilty but you knew that you should have noticed something earlier. You were dating for quite some time and he kept repeating that his dad was treating him like a mistake. It took a huge bruise under his eye for you to notice.

Billy noticed you staring and his expression changed. He sighed and dropped his head, suddenly transforming into the man from yesterday.

"It's nothing life-threatening, leave it," he assured you in a peremptory tone, locking his blue eyes with yours, requiring you to do as he told with his gaze alone. He knew damn well that using this voice on you would result in a fight since you'd made it quite clear from the start that you wouldn't take any of his bullshit.

"You don't want to do anything about this?" you tried to remain calm but this was beyond your understanding. "We could tell Hopper or--"

"We're not telling anyone, sweetie," he cut you off, turning his head to face you. "You're not telling anyone."

"So you're just going to let him do that?" you said looking at his battered face. He instantly picked up the invitation for a challenge in your voice, putting on his angry detached mask. You swallowed and took a step back realizing that you'd crossed the line. The sudden darkness in his eyes reminded you of his school status.

"Coming here and fucking the pain away is really the best option for you?" you asked, feeling that tears were threatening to roll down your cheeks at any time. But you couldn't be sure of their origin. You felt used and disgusted but most of all, you wanted to help and he wouldn't allow it, instead choosing to hide behind his asshole wall, successfully locking you away.

"Now I see that it wasn't," he replied with painful indifference in his

voice. The next thing you knew, Billy was already outside, but his grip on the window framed lingered as if he was prompting you to stop him. And you'd be lying if you said you didn't want to.

Understanding that you weren't going to beg him, he jumped down and swiftly walked to his car parked a few houses away, leaving you heartbroken and enraged.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading!

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Part three is here! Thank you for your support and nice comments! The two remaining parts should be up in the following days! Enjoy!

The bell rang and broke your reverie. Startled, you looked down at the blank pages of your notebook and frowned in annoyance. Your thoughts were fixated on something else completely and you spent the entire class on worrying instead of taking notes. You got up and shoved your things into the bag, mad at this asshole for having such a strong impact on your behaviour and emotional state. You rushed to your locker, hurriedly grabbing the things you would need at home and closed it a little bit too loud for your liking. You left the building in hopes of getting away before anyone else would have a chance to join you.

It was drizzling as if the weather decided to play a joke on you, knowing that you were already on verge of tears. You were cursing under your breath, wishing you'd brought a warmer jacket or an umbrella but some many things had been occupying your mind before leaving the home. You pressed the notebooks against your chest, securing your grip on them and desperately trying to hide the shakiness of your hands, a harsh aftermath of morning's fight.

As soon as you left the school area, the sound of a familiar car engine reached your ears. Taking a deep breath, you tried to calm your heart rate and made sure your voice was firm.

The car caught up with you and slowed down, matching your pace. Billy rolled down the window and motioned at you to get in.

"It's freezing, I'll take you home," he shouted over the sound of rain. The concern was thick in his voice and you couldn't help but feel bad again, knowing that a lot of things could have been handled better.

You stopped and so did his car. You were imagining all the different scenarios and things you would like to say to him during the classes

but it quickly went to hell as you were confronted with him physically. You resisted the urge to look at his face, fearing that seeing his wounds would melt your heart too soon and you wouldn't accomplish anything productive.

"I'd rather walk, thank you," you replied, happy that your voice didn't break. You focused on the road ahead, the cold waterdrops sending shivers down your spine but you couldn't agree just yet. The silence was lingering and you were ready to continue walking when he spoke again.

"Can we talk?"

Despite the warning signs in your mind, you turned your head to look at him. He decided to hide the damage behind a pair of sunglasses but they didn't really work all too well when it came to covering the bruise. Its outlines were still if not more visible.

"Will it change anything?" you asked. You expected him to stand his ground but instead of lashing out at you he remained quiet for a few seconds, looking for right expressions.

"I hope so," he replied.

The words sounded sincere and you decided there was nothing to lose anymore. With a tired sigh, you opened the door on the passenger's side and jumped in. Billy started the engine and drove off with less energy than usual.

For the first minute or two, the silence in the car was overwhelming. He didn't even put on any music and that alone made you feel sick to your stomach. Neither of you wanted to speak first, the tension was tangible and you couldn't think of a proper way to start the topic. Looking for clues on his face, you took a glimpse at his profile and almost didn't recognize the man sitting beside you. His whole confidence was gone, he was jumpy and nervous and the cuts enhanced by the dark material of his glasses were only multiplying this impression.

"How long—"

"A while," he answered before you had a chance to finish your question. You made a mental note to avoid calling this situation for what it really was since he seemed reluctant to admit he'd fallen a victim to domestic violence.

"You really didn't try to tell anyone? Or seek help?" you continued the theme, carefully studying his face in search of distress. You were tracing on some thin ice and one wrong move could've ruined everything.

"Susan stays out of it," he shrugged it off. "And Max hates my guts, so."

You fought off the urge to remind him that his step-sister had every right to not be very fond of him. The fact that his father was an abusive asshole shined some light on a few things and allowed you to partially understand the reasoning behind his aggressive exterior and his general hesitation to change but you wouldn't accept this as an excuse and would still hold him accountable for the bullshit he pulled off. But maybe not while you were trying to get him to open up.

"And anyone besides them?" you asked.

He shook his head in response.

"Why?"

"Serving as a punching bag for my father isn't something I'd like to share with anyone, you know."

You looked down at your hands, trying to imagine yourself in this situation. It was easy to assume that you would've run to the Hopper's office and ask him for help but you didn't have nearly enough information to truthfully declare it. Last night made you aware of the emotions that Billy had buried deep inside to hide them from unwanted gaze. But what he had just admitted hinted at the worst and most powerful of them all: shame.

He must have felt so weak and disposable in his father's presence that he'd created another personality to show off at school. Putting on a mask and using it to intimidate everyone around him was making

him less vulnerable. All the pain that he wanted to inflict on others originated in his own house, caused by the man that should have been his guardian.

But discovering the motive behind his violent ways didn't bring you peace, in reality, it made all the problems harder to resolve because you weren't simply changing his behaviour and inspiring him to do better. You were stripping him of his only coping mechanism and without replacing it with something healthy you could have done more harm than good.

Billy cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry for this morning. And for getting pretty rough at night."

Your eyes winded and you couldn't hold back a coy smile.

"Are you really apologizing to me?"

He chuckled and the sound of his laugh cleared out the tension, "Don't get used to it, princess."

He noticed your grin and took it as a sign of improvement. Without asking, he finally put on some music and you were beyond thankful for that. His hands were banging on the wheel, matching the rhythm of Ratt's "You're In Love". He couldn't have picked a better song and in moments like this, you were reminded of the reason why had you fallen in love with him in the first place.

"Where to, princess?" he asked, looking at you with an entirely different expression.

"Home," you replied. You didn't want to go back just yet especially when you had just made up with this idiot. "I have a test tomorrow."

He raised an eyebrow but didn't utter a single word. He didn't need to, you knew that he really wanted to make fun of you.

"I have a much better idea. Stay at my place tonight."

"Billy—"

“Say that you’re staying at Stacey’s. Susan and my father are out of town until tomorrow. And surprisingly Max actually likes you more than she likes me.”

You laughed, amused by his poor choice of words.

“Oh, that’s not surprising at all.”

He scoffed and looked at you, locking his eyes with yours. Even the sunglasses weren’t able to tone down the blue of his iris and you quickly found yourself drowning in them. You barely even noticed his warm touch on the inner side of your thigh. His hand was rubbing your skin, moving in small circles, slowly making its way up under your skirt. You were about to give in and let him reach the fabric of your underwear but ultimately decided against it. You didn’t want to spoil the fun with the thoughts that were still hiding in the corner of your head.

“Eyes on the road, Hargrove,” you teasingly turned his face straight forward, earning a smile from him. “And hands on the wheel.”

“As you wish,” he said, taking his hand off your leg but the feeling of his familiar touch lingered for a while.

“Okay, I will stay with you,” you agreed, blaming it on his games. “But no distractions.”

“No distractions,” he repeated with little certainty and smiled, tilting his head.

You had no idea why you even bothered.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading! Comments are greatly appreciated!

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

You try to gather the courage and share your plan with Billy but touch-starved and consumed by conflicting emotions you decide to allow some fun first.

You walked out of the shower, shaking from the cold and quickly wrapped a towel around your body. You wiped the mirror's surface to get rid of the steam and take a better look at your reflection which appeared much better compared to the morning. The dark circles under your eyes became barely visible and your cheeks took on a rosy red colour. You no longer looked like a mere shadow of yourself.

During one day you've been subjected to so many contradictory emotions but the hot water seemed to wash the bad ones away, bringing you a much-needed peace of mind. Well, all except for the anxiety hiding in the pit of your stomach reminding you about the little plan that you'd created during the ride to Hargrove's home. All you had to do was share it with your boyfriend but of course, it wouldn't be as simple.

You grabbed the hair band from the sink and used it to tie your hair in a messy ponytail and threw away the wet towel putting on Metallica shirt that Billy borrowed you. Just like him, you were a huge fan of their music but this particular shirt had some personalised additions as well, Billy's smell still lingered on its fabric, filling your head with a sense of comfort. Despite its many advantages, it was not as long as you'd wished for it to be and as you had to keep it pulled down while walking past Max's room.

You tiptoed to Billy's bedroom and you were about to go inside when some sudden movement caught your attention. You leaned your hands against the door frame and peeked through the crack, watching as Billy was looking at himself in the mirror. He took a drag on his cigarette and blew out a white cloud, smiling at his reflection. Then he put the cigarette between his teeth, fixing the misplaced strand of hair that'd fallen on his forehead. He then turned sideways

and adjusted his tight jeans, playfully wiggling his ass to Four Horsemen by Metallica. You had to cover your mouth to mute a chuckle. Finishing his ritual he reached for a bottle of the cheap cologne and applied it on the skin of his wrists. Then he poured some more into his palm and slowly slid his hand under the trousers.

You could swear that you were lacking air for a good five seconds. His eyes met yours in the reflection and you felt you were caught red-handed.

“Enjoying the show, sweetheart?” he asked, licking his bottom lip and winking with his hand still buried in his pants.

You smiled innocently and entered the room, closing the door behind. You took a place behind him, resting your chin on his shoulder.

“I have to say, you do have a nice ass,” you laughed.

“I know,” he rewarded this observation with his trademark smile. “I’m thinking, you should keep this shirt. I like it on you.”

You draped your arms around him, lazily sliding your hand under his unbuttoned shirt and then moving on to reach for the hand that was still under his belt. He made some space for you and it didn’t take long for you to feel his cock hardening under your touch. He moaned as you rubbed your hand against his length and unzipped his pants, granting you a free access to his member. You began pumping and his attention drifted from his own reflection to yours. The blue eyes clouded with desire, partially closed and hooded with his long lashes that you were ever so jealous of. You bit your lip, feeling every suppressed thrust. You enjoyed the way in which he threw his head back, closing his eyes in pleasure and whispering your name in the most sinful ways.

Then, all of a sudden, Billy held your hand and turned around, grabbing you by the waist. He clung to you with his whole body, and you felt his cock rubbing against your tight. He kissed you and you sensed a smile on his lips.

“Actually, I would like it better laying on the floor,” he panted

picking you up from the floor. He went over to his bed and laid you down on the mattress, barely breaking the kiss.

With a devilish smirk, he lifted up your shirt and began to place hurried kisses on your body, leaving a wet trail on your stomach. You tried to keep in mind that you were not completely alone and you really shouldn't be making too much noise, but the sight of his head between your trembling legs was enough to make your heart piece through your chest. Especially when he lowered his head and slid his tongue into your pussy, caressing your inner walls. A sudden spasm of desire made you grab his hair, pulling him closer and guiding him even if you were aware that he knew what he was doing. Arching your back in pleasure, gripping the bed sheets and biting your lip, preventing a moan from escaping your mouth. Billy continued, holding down your tights. He brought you on the verge of release only to deny it. Looking up he grabbed his dick in hand and swiftly moved up, positioning himself between your legs. But before he could anything else, you decided to take the lead. You wrapped your arms around his neck, breathing heavily and rolled over, so he was laying on his back. It took him by a surprise and you could see how intrigued he truly was. Lust darkened his eyes and he laid his hands on each side of his head, submitting to you.

You wrapped your fingers around his cock and moved your hand up and down a few times before accepting him inside of you. With your hands resting on his chest, your hips were moving in circles. Billy didn't care so much whether someone could hear him. The curses and moans were freely falling out of his mouth. When he felt he was at the edge, he put his hands on your waist, slowing down your moves and adjusting the pace. His touch alone was enough to bring the orgasm within your reach and you finished, moaning his name. A moment later Billy joined in. Breathing heavily you fell on the pillow next to him, he pulled you closer, making you rest your head on his chest. For a moment you listened to the beating of his heart gathering the courage needed to share your idea with him.

"Billy?" you began.

"Mh-hm?" he muttered, playing with your hair.

"I thought you could stay at my house for a while."

It was the first time this plan was vocalized and you immediately became discouraged, realizing that it must have sounded even more absurd than in your mind. But Billy didn't laugh at you, he simply remained silent, analyzing the proposition.

"Without letting anyone know?"

"Remember Mike Wheeler? He was hiding a girl under his parents' roof for and nobody found out," you reminded him. "I mean, I have a lock on my door and my closet is big enough for you to hide you in. It could work."

He scoffed in response.

"And what's next, princess?"

You thought for a second but ultimately decided to be completely honest with him. It was the only way to gain his trust and help him recover and leave this toxic place.

"We'll see," you shrugged, looking at him and discovering that he's been carefully studying your face for a while. "I just want you to get away from here."

You were aware that this plan had flaws. Actually, it was more flawed than thought out but you didn't want to drag Billy's ass to Hopper's office just yet. It was still an alternative but you believed that the most important thing was allowing him to gain some perspective. And he had no one else around here, no one besides you.

"You're risking a lot for me," he pointed out.

"I know," you whispered.

"How do you know it's gonna be worth it?"

You'd never heard him so serious. This fake confidence that he was radiating showed its first weak point.

"I just do. Do you need some time to think about it?"

He chuckled and got up, sitting on the bed and looking around before

making a beeline to his closet.

You raised an eyebrow watching him go through his clothes and other belongings, throwing some of them on the floor.

“What are you doing?”

“Trying to decide how much shit do I have to bring with me.”

“So is that a yes?” you questioned, suddenly becoming excited. Deep down you hadn’t believed that he’d say yes.

“Yeah,” he turned his face to you. “I would have to be fucking stupid to turn this down, sweetheart.”

In that brief second everything seemed so bright and happy. Billy was carelessly shoving his clothes into a bag and you were watching him, hoping it would finally help him move past his abusive environment.

That didn’t last for long, though.

The sound of opening door reached your ears and you froze in place, knowing it could mean only one thing. Billy’s father came home earlier than anticipated and you could already imagine his reaction to your presence in his house as well as the packed bag in his son’s bedroom.

“Ask Max to keep him busy,” you whispered with panic in your voice. He listened and rushed outside his room.

You got up, putting on your skirt and tights and shoving Billy’s bag under the bed to hide it.

He came back after a second, a mixture of rage and fear showing on his face.

“That little shit’s gone,” he hissed. “And the fucking window is open.”

“We’re screwed,” you said under your breath, trying to come up with a good excuse for her absence.

Two pairs of steps could be heard in the corridor and you noticed

that Billy's whole body tensed, preparing for the worst.

5. Chapter 5

It was like watching a disaster slowly build up while already knowing the outcome which only magnified the terror with the sense of powerlessness.

The door to Max's room squicked and you heard Susan's soft voice calling her name. She waited for a while before entering her daughter's bedroom and you could swear you heard her gasp when she discovered the open window and combined it with her child's absence.

Billy suddenly grabbed you by your arms, pushing you over to his closet, without uttering a single word. He opened it and with an somehow apologetic expression, shoved you inside, pressing a finger against his lips. The door closed and the inside of his wardrobe was filled with darkness. You took a few steps back until you felt a wall pressing against your back. You found comfort in touching the wood surface, leaning against it and finally letting out an exhale. You tried to remember a lot of things: was Max even home when you got there? Have you really hidden Billy's bag? Maybe you imagined the second pair of steps and Susan was the only one to arrive home earlier? All those questions arose at once but not knowing answers to any of them made you more anxious. Through the crack of the uneven door, you were watching Billy's behaviour. He was clenching and releasing his fists as if he was trying to decide if he should have defended himself or gave up.

Then, the imminent finally came. The door of his bedroom was open with such strength, that it hit the wall, surely leaving a hole in its structure.

"Where's Maxine?" Neil asked, not bothered to ask his son if he was okay with him barging into his private space like that. You noticed Susan standing by his side, visibly concerned while her partner was already pushed over the edge. "And her window's open."

Billy was struggling to keep his composure but you already knew the little hints of fear in his body movement; the stuttering, pointless pacing, looking anywhere but at his father.

"I'm sure she just - I don't know - went to the arcade with her friends or something."

Neil took a few steps towards his son, trying to hide his rage but doing a rather shitty job at it while Susan decided to stay outside, trying to wait out the storm. Billy was right about her and you couldn't help but wonder if she was scared of her or her daughter's well being and if so, why hadn't just left him earlier? She did look terrified and a part of you has pitied her.

"You were supposed to watch her," Neil crossed his arms over his chest, his moves became spasmodic and rage driven. You thought that instead of wasting his time, you should have made him pack all his stuff and bring him home and then allow some fun. Staying at his place was dangerous from the beginning even if his father was assumed to come back the next day. You closed your arms, angry at yourself for being so reckless.

"I have been looking after her all week, dad!" Billy spat out and your body trembled. You didn't expect him to shout and you became seriously concerned. Neil didn't take lightly to that either. His hands have been itching for a fight since the second he stepped into the house, you could sense the tension in the air. And now, Billy just served him an excuse for that on a silver plate. You quietly sat on the closet floor and hugged your knees in a reassuring way. You could no longer see the room but you liked it better that way. Besides the sounds reaching your ears were enough to paint an image in your head.

Neil lunged forward, grabbing his son's jacket and making his back hit the closet. You had to cover your mouth to not let any sound out.

The sound of the hit that had Billy's head turning to the side with the force of its blow was followed by dead silence, interrupted only by his father's breathing.

"What did we talk about?" Neil asked, emphasising every word and holding his son's jaw and forcing him to look straight into his eyes.

"Respect and responsibility," Billy replied and you sensed the sob he was trying to hold back.

It felt like you'd been shoved into this closet ages ago, locked in in a complete darkness, unable to move or help your boyfriend. The thought of interfering didn't occur to you, your mind rendering it an unnecessary jeopardy and putting Billy's life in even more danger. But this muffled sob was enough to make you stand on your feet and push the door open, startling both men. Billy lost his balance and stepped to the side while Neil remained in his spot. Despite the fear that his father must have induced, Billy still decided to stand between him and you as soon as you regained some clarity.

"So you're hiding your whores in your closet now, son?" his father questioned. You noticed his face turning red with anger.

"Don't talk to her like that," Billy hissed in response, taking a step forward. Your heart stopped seeing a look on his father's face. At first, he couldn't believe his son was actually threatening him. When his shock was gone, he became ready to hit him again, surely with more force than before. Thankfully, Susan finally decided to step in, grabbing Neil's arm and dragging him off, encouraging him to let go. She managed to walk him out of the room but just before he left, he pointed a finger at the two of you.

"We're going to find Maxine and when I come back I better find you in your room. If not, I will find you."

He briefly glanced at you but allowed Susan to guide him outside.

Billy was breathing heavily, looking at the open door, expecting his father to come back any second. You realised your fingers were digging into the skin of his arm in a similar manner to how Susan was holding Neil. It was a rather painful revelation which reminded you of the origin of Billy's problematic behaviour.

"Don't be like him," you whispered when he turned to you with a tired expression. He understood you immediately, relaxing his muscles and putting his arms around you.

You stood there without breaking the silence for a minute or two but you felt like there was no time to waste. And you wouldn't mind not seeing Neil anytime soon.

"We should get going," you urged him, hesitantly pulling away.

He looked down at you with a hint of surprise in his blue eyes.

"You heard him, he's going to find me," he reminded calmly. "I won't be putting your life at risk."

You scoffed at him, "What risk? Is he going to barge into my house and drag us both out?"

He weighted your words carefully and you realised what you just said.

"Maybe."

You turned away and grabbed his bag from the floor. He followed your moves as you walked with it towards the door.

"Come on," you rushed him. He looked around the room, visibly trying to calculate his chances, finally settling on running away with you. He took his bag from you and dragged you outside, straight to his car. He threw all of his stuff in the back and you sat on the passenger's side. When he started the engine you playfully fluffed his hair earning a smile from him. You noticed it had finally reached his eyes, igniting a spark in them.

He drove off, not turning his head back. You didn't talk much, listening to the mixtape he made you and leaving the past behind.

6. Chapter 6

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey, here it is! The last part of the series! Originally I wanted to write five chapters and end it but you have left me so many nice and encouraging comments asking for another part so I tried to offer some kind of closure on the story. I hope you will like it! Thank you!

"How paranoid can you fucking get?" Billy's words were followed by the loud sound of slammed doors.

You turned around to glance at the locks that were seemingly scattered along the height of the door in a desperate attempt to keep everyone inside safe from whatever might have been waiting outside. Then you looked back at Billy. Something in your eyes or maybe the way they'd lingered at those devices made him realise that he was in no position to complain so he looked at the floor and went over to the old checked couch and threw his backpack on the pillows.

"Hopper said there should be some food left in the fridge," you pointed to the small area with tiles on the walls and on the floor. He looked over there but nothing had caught his attention. Something was troubling him and even though you were sure what it was, you didn't have the strength to have this conversation yet.

The chief of police offered you this small cabin as a sign of a good will when you dragged Billy to his office on one particularly tough Sunday afternoon. There was little he could do at the moment so you both happily settled for the wooden house in the forest even if the deal had a short expiration date.

You walked around the house while Billy was trying to shove his things into the closets. He didn't have much, to begin with. You were unusually mesmerised by the view from the windows, even if all of them presented the same picture; trees, leaves and more trees. And some traps scattered here and there, a reminder of last year's rather weird adventures.

When there was no more dust to drag your finger through and Billy could no longer pretend he was busy folding his shirts and sorting his metal albums on the shelves you were forced to meet in the living room area and face one thing both of you feared the most right now.

"I think it's alright," you pointed out, nervously looking around to find a spot to glue your eyes to. If you had glanced at your boyfriend, you would've known he was doing the exact same thing.

"It'll do," he agreed and then, finally, laid his blue eyes on you. "For now."

Two words. That's what it took to make you choke on a sob that's been hiding in your throat for far too long. The situation was good, very good to be honest. Billy had his hideout and you were sure that the chief had your backs but soon the cabin would be searched and probably taken over by the government and the temporary nature of the whole position you found yourselves in was driving you nearly crazy.

Before the first tear had the chance to roll down your cheek, Billy sighed and pulled you into his embrace. "Why the hell are you crying? I'm the one fucked here."

You chuckled at his remark. "Because I care about you, you jerk."

You pulled away and teasingly punched his arm, knowing that after all his training he must have hardly felt anything.

"Yeah, I've noticed," he said in a low voice and you knew how much he wanted to say using those few words. He never had to tell you openly that he loved you, his actions spoke for themselves. And you both had a lot of chances to prove your feelings to each other, passing the tests with flying colours every single time.

"Are you staying the night?" he asked, trying to change the topic to something more lighthearted.

"I can't, my parents would kill me."

He sighed dramatically and back away, walking off to the kitchen. He searched the fridge but instead of taking the food that Hopper'd

mentioned, he found a bottle of beer.

"Seriously?" you joked. "I thought you were going to treat me to some fancy dinner."

"Oh yeah, wait a second, I'll just learn how to cook," he teased, taking a sip straight from the bottle.

"You have until tomorrow. I'll come check on you."

He smiled and his long lashes hooded his blue eyes, telling you that he must have really liked what you said. "Are you going to take care of me from now on?"

"Not if you're going to be an asshole. I mean it."

He put down the bottle and came up to you, suddenly you lifting you off your feet. You screamed and wrapped your arms around his neck, allowing yourself to dwell on this moment and forget about the future. "I won't treat you to a nice food today, but maybe I'll treat you to something better."

"What's better than a nice meal prepared by your lovely boyfriend?" you teased raising an eyebrow.

"You'll see," he said, kissing you briefly. He found his way to the main bedroom and a very strange thought crossed your mind. There's no future to be worried about if Hopper finds out about this.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading! ♥

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading! Comments are always greatly appreciated!